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#### THE DEAD WIFE.

Over the sea the ships

Into the harbor come And I listen in vain for the lisp of lips That I know are hushed and dumb. Above are the silent stars,

Below is the solemn sea. And a ship goes out from the harbor bars That never returns to me.

Under the vines and the pines A little mound was made, And under the pines and twining vines

She slumbered, unafraid. They buried the queen of her race-My heart and my sweetheart away. Not whiter the folds of the snow-white

Than her folded hands that day.

Above are the silent stars: And I walk the sands alone, And a moan comes up from the harbor bars Like an echo of my own. Here is the spot where we stood And looked on the sounding sea! How could I know that to-night she would

Be only a memory? The prattle of childish lips: The thrill of a tone like hers; The stars and the sea and the ships-These are my comforters. The smile, and the old caress; The look, and the low replies; And a soul full of infinite tenderness-These are my memories. -Alfred Ellison, in Chicago Record.

#### THE HONORABLE ANNE.

#### BY EDITH ALLANDALE.

H GING'S welcome when I came, a bride, to the ranch was not of the warmest. The dusky adobe wall, throwing him into picturesque relief, he stood on the ranchhouse veranda, his face full of suppressed excitement.

"You telle me," he muttered, "who boss, now Mr. Allandale get mallied?" "All same as before," was my ready rejoinder.

The crafty features relaxed, and Ah Ging disappeared kitchenward, his pigtail having struck the dominant note in my first impressions of Vaquero

Cadric smiled at me approvingly. "Glad you were so diplomatic, else he'd have left by the morning stage. It's awfully unromantic, darling, but the drive has made me beasly hungry. Let's see what the old chap has for us."

We dined in a long, low room, hung with spurs and sporting prints, souvenirs of English days, the happiest couple in California.

In its lack of excitement, ranch life proved disappointing. Lynchings were unknown -- bandits and desperadoes conspicuous by their absence.

So life flowed on, smoothly, monotonously, till after the birth of Billikins. Ah Ging then announced his departure. "Better girl cook," he declared. "No likee baby. Heap tlouble. Allee time

The next Celestial left after a hasty glance at the kitchen wall. "Me flaid," he explained, pointing to a red hieroglyphic unfortunately unnoticed by us. "Ah Ging he write: 'Debbil in this house."

"He meant the baby," suggested

"He say debbil. Me go. No China boy stay here. Heap scared of debbil." "Try a girl," implored Cedric. "It's no joke driving ten miles a day to the station.'

We tried, in turn, Gretchen, who left within the week to "learn religion;" Bridget, who declined working under an Englishman; the widow, whose tears, as she recounted her woes, sizzled over the stove; Dicie, who disliked low wages, though she found no fault with me; and Samantha, who objected to the lack of "scenery." Useless to point out the Brush Hills' mellow charm, distant mountains, oak-dotted meadows, Samantha remained obdurate. "It may suit you Mrs. Allandale," she commented, pityingly, "to see nothing but land. I like it like it was in Tulare. There you kin see houses thick as peas in a pod an' people passin' all day. That's the scenery for me, so I guess I'll pack my freight."

Which she proceeded to do; and had barely driven out of sight when a young girl, tall, slim and neatly dressed stepped on the veranda.

"If you plese, ma'am," she quietly said, "I heard that you wanted a girl;

can I have the place?"

I heard her history, which was simple. The previous year she had come from England to join her brother on a claim, had fallen ill, had gone to the county hospital at La Huerta, and had come thence to me. While hearing these details, Cedric returned. But one conclusion could be drawn from his utter dejection. "No girl," was stamped on every feature. Samantha had recommended me to Odessa Green, who, less exacting in regard to scenery, was willing to leave the family pig-pen for a anonth's change, provided the washing was put out, Mrs. Allandale helped with the dishes, the afternoons were free, and a horse every Sunday was at her disposal. I knew the type, ignorant, slatternly, familiar. Contrasting with drive. it the newcomer, my resolution was taken. "No, Cedric, I have a servant already.

"Where did she come from?"

"La Huerta, where she has been in the

.hospital. "Is she pretty?"

"That's an irrelevant question. Yes, rather-blue eyes and short, curly, yellow hair."

"You know nothing about her." "But I know that Billikins has the whooping-cough. I must nurse him, and you cannot cook. Help is needed, and behold Anne."

"So that's her name?" "Yes, Anne James." He still demurred.

he cried; "but remember, if anything any strangers." happens, be it on your head."

Since the days of Ah Ging, life had not been worth living. Anne came, and comfort followed after. Capable, retiring, a vague sense of mystery pervading her, she proved in our monotonous existence a source of inexhaustible interest.

"I scent a romance?" Cedric declared; "when Anne draws near, find out about

"She is so reticent-a contrast to Samantha." "Teach her something. Learning un-

locks a woman's tongue." So Anne was instructed in more housewifely mysteries and grew more communicative. But Cedric received all details of her past with scornful incredulity. "Papa" was a barrister. Anne herself had been born in the sacred precincts of the temple. Their crest figured as a dove. "Fancy one's parlor maid having a crest!" he ejaculated. For a briefless barrister he had done singularly well, marrying a niece of the celebrated countess of Melligan. Many a torrid afternoon was whiled away with descriptions of the Irish castle where the wedding took place, the beauty of the bride, the eccentricities of the noble aunt. Cedric scoffed, still crying for more.

One languorous September day, ensconced in the veranda's shadiest nook, we gazed on the brush hills and sighed vainly for a breeze. Cedric broke the stillness. "What about Anne? No news of late?"

"She has a sister who lives in France and is possessed of independent

A look of reproach shot from his dark blue eye. "You told me that last week." he murmured.

"And did not tell you that she goes by the name of Lady Emily Brown." "Brown! Why, she married a Frenchman."

"Why lady? What title has he?" "None. I particularly asked Anne."

"Absurd! He could not be 'Brown' or she 'lady' unless, indeed, the title is in her own right. In that case your pearl of a handmaiden is an 'honorable!' The Honorable Anne brings out the tray," he added, as she approached our corner. "No, it's all false, you may depend upon it. Ask McPherson what he thinks; he is coming up the drive."

Fergus McPherson-caution personified-opined that Anne had lied. He put it plainly: "Deceitful in speech, deceitful in deed. Better watch her, Mrs. Allandale."

My suspicions were not excited. In California nothing is impossible. Had not a scion of a lordly house died on a neighboring ranch-a lonely, neglected sheep herder? No. It was the uneasy air and restless look increasing day by day. I heartily wished for some pretext whereby Cedric, dispatched into La Huerta, might inquire into the antecedents of the Honorable Anne. Chance favored me.

"McPherson has been telling me," began my spouse, a few days later, "about some bloodhounds in town that belong



I HEARD THAT YOU WANTED A GIRL."

to the sheriff. They are A 1 at tracking eriminals-borrow them all over the state. Beastly shame it's such a journey—it would be rather jolly to see

"Why not go? A change would do "Go! And who would milk the cow?"

"I, myself."

"You? Nonsense!"

"Who is the sheriff?" I idly asked, meditating my next move the while. "Waite-Hiram Waite."

"Our Honorable," who had entered bearing that ranch stand-by, a smoking bowl of "mush," started, growing visibly pale-fresh food for uneasiness Clearly, to learn the art of milking was imperative. The woman won, as usual, and Cedric, before the week was over, started for La Huerta, with strict injunctions to interview both hospital superintendent and sheriff.

In charge of the ranch were myself, Bilkins and the Honorable Anne. Uneventfully passed the first few days; but on Monday, from the veranda, I espied a band of men, who, leaving the country road, came slowly up the

Anne, perceiving them, grew white to the lips, and, bearing Bilkins, precipitately fled.

"Good evening," the leader began, as all be born detectives." he lifted his sombrero. "We're a kinder rough sight for a lady. You see, we're a posse over from Tulare, trying to find a man named Smith. His tracks, they seemed to p'int this way. Ain't seen any stranger round here lately?"

"No, indeed." "No wood-chopper, nor nothing?"

"No, none. What has this man done? What does he look like?"

"Real nice and young and kind. Not more'n a boy. Murdered a man over there. Here's his description," and he women had a painting bee the other day handed me a coarsely-printed "Re- and painted the new cemetery fence.

"Prudence is an admirable virtue, ward." "Well, boys, get a move on. Cedric, but you carry it to an extreme." We're on our way to La Huerta," he Cedric yielded, still holding to his added, "to borrow Waite's dogs. Well, own opinion. "Keep her! Keep her!" good-day, ma'am. Better not harbor

Anne was the fugitive!

the penalty. To ignore the situation, than it was formerly considered neceslive through the night, if possible, and sary to use. The success of the proctrust to some one turning up in the ess of reducing the juice of the curmorning was all that could be done.

nursery door.

till the posse had returned to its Tulare | fruit on a clear day. home? Or Henry Smith, to make an end of me and flee? Truly, the ranch for some time they are no longer fit for monotony was broken at last. Sol- jelly, but they possess a rich, lucious movement in the adjoining room, and condition for pies and puddings. literally my blood ran cold. That had hitherto seemed a mere figure of speech. that in some sections of the country grew louder and louder.

ground.

Slowly returned to consciousness my gaze fell on Cedric, the La Huerta sheriff, and Anne-Anne anxiously applying restoratives! "Take him away," I gasped; "he will

murder us." "You are raving!" cried Cedric; "that

is Anne." "No; Smith, the murderer. The bloodhounds tracked him to the very

Here Hiram Waite thought fit to in-

"Guess I can straighten out this kink Mrs. Allandale. You did hear the hounds, they're up at the barn now. Your husband, he heard at La Huerta we was beatin' up this part of the country, so he lit out for home, thinkin' you'd be scared. We caught our man hidin' by the 'Dobe Hill, and the Tulare boys took him back to town. Your husband and me was tired, so we made tracks for here. Sorry 'bout the dogs.

might ha' known they'd scare you." The Honorable Anne next day gave warning. "If you please, ma'am, you and Mr. Allandale have been very kind, and I love Mr. Billikins like my own, but I can't stay where I've been so misjudged."

"More candor on your part would have prevented your being misjudged." She blushed. "I often wanted to tell you, ma'am-what I first said wasn't true. I came from England when I was a baby. I haven't any brother, and I never went to La Huerta."

"Ah!" meaner I felt; and I was afraid Mr. gar. Mix the currants and sugar thor-Allandale would go to the hospital; oughly together and fill a pieplate. and, worst of all, my heart stood still | Scatter a few stoned raisins over the when he spoke of Mr. Waite. For he currants. Cover the pie with narrow and my stepfather are cousins, and I strips of puff paste or with an entire was afraid he would guess who I was." "Your stepfather?"

came with the posse and frightened to make it cling to the pie. - N. Y. me. He was such a bad, cruel man Tribune. that I couldn't stand it, so I ran away." "How did you happen to reach Vaquero Water?"

"With some friends in one of those big wagons they call 'prairie schooners.' Tulare folks go to the coast every year. but they don't dare go there straight; it's too much change. They always stop at the iron spring to cool off first.' To cool off at 90 in the shade!

"Soon as we came to the spring ! heard about you, and thought I'd try for the place."

"But how much better to have told me the truth." "I knew Mr. Allandale was English,

ma'am, and they are that particular I was afraid he'd send me home." "Surely the story of Lady Emily

Brown was unnecessary." Anne's eyes flashed. "It's every word true, ma'am. Not that I ever saw hershe was by father's first marriage—but it's true. Why, they lived in a beautiful house in St. John's Wood, and the night before they went to Paris the prince of

Wales dined with them." "And do you believe it, my dear?" asked Cedric, on hearing the latest ver-

"She believes in family traditions. But she will care less about such non. sense when she is Mrs. Hiram Waite." "Why, she met the man only last

"Something will come of it; trust a woman's intuition.'

"Thanks, no!" he retorted, with cheerful grin. "No telling into what mare's nest I might be led. Never mind, darling, you did your best. We can't

Cedric to the contrary, my prophecy come to pass, and our Honorable Anne was transformed into Mrs. Hiram Waite. At last accounts she was well and happy, supplying the boarders at Waite's hotel with meals at "four bits still wondering whether the countess formers." of Melligan and the Lady Emily Brown are myths .- San Francisco Argonaut.

-Half a dozen East Searsmont (Me.)

CURRANT PUDDINGS AND PIES. Some Points of Value to the Careful Housewife.

The fruit of the currant bush is now at crimson perfection, and its hedges A moment more and, left alone, I redden the border of thousands of ruthoughtover the situation. Cedric gone, ral gardens. We began to appreciate no neighbor near, and a murderer at the luxury of this fruit when a numlarge whose steps "p'inted this way." ber of years ago the currant worm in-Suddenly it was borne in upon me that vaded the land and threatened to cut short our supplies of jellies and sweet A firm believer in woman's intui- preserves. The currant is, of course, tions, yet hoping desperately that mine the preeminent fruit for jelly. A pretwas at fault, I unfolded the paper the tier and more delicate jelly is prepared sheriff gave me. It tallied well. Mo- from half-white currants and half red roseness, agitation, all were explained. than from the pure crimson fruit. Did Anne guess that her identity was Housekeepers frequently prepare their known, my life, I feared, would pay current jelly with a little less sugar rant to jelly depends more upon the time Milking time brought fresh terrors. and circumstances under which the How guard one's self, with both hands fruit is gathered than upon the amount engaged letting down floods of warm, of sugar used. It is not advisable, in innocent milk! Dinner was eaten hur- spite of this, to attempt to make jelly riedly, with the same feeling of uneasi- with less than three-quarters of a ness. Billkins tucked in his crib, Anne | pound of sugar to a pound of currants. retired early, and, every sense on the It is essential, however, to gather the alert, I was left alone to watch the fruit as early as a few days after it turns crimson, since the fruit becomes It fascinated me. Who would open thin and watery by hanging on the it? Anne, to hide among the canyons vines. It is also desirable to gather the

After currants have hung on the vines emnly the clock ticked, slowly the tartness that renders them excellent for hands went round, an hour passed. A table fruit, and they are also in prime

The currant is so abundant a fruit The sound ceased, and still I watched the surplus left on the bushes after the nursery door. At last, when my the fruit has been gathered for jelly brain would have turned with more, is allowed to go to waste. The curran I heard a sound which, faint at first, makes an excellent baked or steamed pudding. Sift a large cup of flour with "Oh, heaven," I cried, "the blood- a substantial teaspoonful of baking hounds!" and fell senseless to the powder. Add a large teaspoonful of butter, and rub it through the flour cup of sugar, two eggs and a scant half cup of milk. Beat the batter hard and stir in a cup of currants. Butter six molds holding about two gills each. Turn a teaspoonful of sugar from one cup to another, until their buttered surdivide the pudding mixture between Fred; why, she told me-" the cups, steam the pudding about "Of course, I was willing," broke in three-quarters of an hour, setting them | the girl in the grenadine gown. "They tle of boiling water. The same pudding | stop in at Yardstick's on her way home, steamed. Serve the puddings with a right to the linen department." hard sauce of butter and sugar.

currants, adding a tablespoonful of much as possible of the pulp pass with has her hands so full that-' the juice through the puree sieve they of corn starch moistened with a little | is engaged to Fred!" water. Let the thickened mixture boil for ten minutes over the fire, stirring it constantly. Line a tin pieplate with whites of two eggs and two tablespoon- Herald. fuls of sugar. Spread it over the pie while it is still warm, and return it to the oven. Let it bake for 20 minutes, turning off the heat, so that it will be only faintly tinged with brown. A good currant pie is made of two cups "The kinder you was, ma'am, the of ripened currants and a cup of sucover. Bake it 50 minutes; then remove it from the oven and dredge it with "Yes'm, mother married Jim Waite sugar. Return it to the oven for a mohe second time, and it was him that ment or two to melt the sugar enough

# FIRST AID TO INJURED. Remedies That May Be Always Kept

at Hand.

For cramps or pains in the stomach try a few drops of essence of comphor. moderately strong tea in which two or | ing at the back. The bow so long worn three slices of lemon have been in-

For tired feet put a handful of common salt into four quarts of hot water. Place the feet in the water while it is Lot as it can be borne. Then rub the feet dry with a rough towel.

For making a clear complexion stir two teaspoonfuls of flowers of sulphur into half a pint of new milk. Let it stand a while, and then rub the face over with it a short time before wash-

For binding up cuts and wounds always use linen, not cotton, as the fibers of cotton are flat and apt to irritate a sore place, while those of linen are perfeetly rounded.

For baldness try the following tonic: Liquid ammonia, almond oil and chloroform, each one part; alcohol. five parts; oil of lemons, one dram. Apply freely and often, first thoroughly brushing the hair. This is a mild stimulant and perfectly safe.

For a nail-cleaning liquid use the following lotion: Tartaric acid, one dram; tincture of myrrh, one dram; eau de Cologne, two drams; distilled wathe water, mix the tineture of myrrh solution. Dip the nails in this solution, wipe and polish with a chamois pad .-Beston Globe.

Gave Him Information.

"Bring me," said the gentleman with the Clan-na-Gael countenance, as he pointed to the lobster in the showa head." While we on the ranch are window, "bring me wan av thim in-

"Why do you call them informers. Casey?" asked his companion.

"Bedad, they wear th' green to begin wid, and put on the red coats as soon as they get into hot water."-In dianapolis Journal.

VENGEANCE THAT FAILED.

Story That Shows How Hard It Is to Catch a Woman. "I'm mad, clear through!" cried the for two whole months and then failing to get it just for the supernatural coolness of your enemy!"

hat. "Well, I could have told you beforehand that she-"

"Perhaps you could have, but you didn't," snapped the girl in the grenadine gown. "Yes, of course it was been rivals in Fred's affections for a does he do it?" Teller-"Oh! he states long time. They were both so awfully his side of the case and walks off."in love with him that a third girl with | Puck. a cool head could have stepped in at any time and carried him off. You see, they were always together and their charms were a sort of antidote for each

"Well, I bet on Molly all along," said the girl in the red hat. "She always was lucky; had no younger sisters, and not only went to Vassar, but actually possessed a nose to which eyeglasses are a positive adornment. Then look at the time she sprained her ankle; you might have thought that was Evelyn's chance, but that very day his firm sent him west for a month. And a person with a sprained ankle can write letters as well as anybody-"

"Besides having a claim to long and sympathetic replies. Well, he got back a day earlier than he expected and Evelyn, not expecting hm, had gone over to the South side to make some calls. Of course Fred went right to Molly's to see how she was-and, with her usual luck, she was downstairs for the first time. He reached the house at two and at three I had a note from Molly asking for my congratulations and baking powder; add a quarter of a and begging me to tell Evelyn, so she and Fred could have the afternoon alone."

"A commission which you were quite willing to undertake, if I know anything about you. Well, I should think that news would have upset even Evefaces are well coated with sugar; then lyn's composure. She was so sure of

in a closely-covered steamer over a ket- told me at her house that she meant to may be baken in a rather quick oven and I went there to head her off from for half an hour instead of being | Molly's. By a happy inspiration I went

"And found her there, of course. No Currants make a delicious meringue girl who has an idea of being married pie. Stew a quart of well-steamed red can keep away from the table linens." "She was there. When she saw me, water, merely to prevent their burning. she tried to blush, giggled and said: 'I After cooking them ten minutes strain | -I am just looking at these things toout the seeds and skins, but let as day. A-a girl who is to be married

are strained in. Add a cup of sugar itated. 'By the way, dear, speaking of the officers would resign, and, with to the currant pulp, and a teaspoonful of that, I've just heard from Molly-she many of the men, would enter the new

"Well, go on; don't stop."

## LATE FASHION NOTES.

Items of Information on Seasonable

Veiling gowns are made with the skirts in plaits, and the blouse drooping slightly over the belt all the way The new shirt waists of transparent

material will be quite as much worn as ever, despite the craze for red, violet Although not so good a material for washing as lawn is, organdie retains its

stiffening well, and when rumpled can be pressed to look like new. Although efforts have been made on the part of those interested in the sale of fabricks for skirts in silk and in dress goods departments, separate skirts

continue to find favor with the buying public. The collar has run up so high that there is no longer a possibility, and For a nervous headache a cup of can scarcely be a pretense, of a fastenbehind has disappeared, and little by

little the front begins to be marked. A black veiling has the blouse and jackets all in cords running up and down an inch apart. The sleeves are left plain. The accordion plaited skirt has a selvedge of striped yellow and instead by superior force. white. Other black gowns have the blouse open down the front over a color, as red or mauve, with jabot revers down each side faced with the same color, and a standing collar faced with the

Pink is very popular for the summer Barracks, Mo. party gown, and a new effect is gained by combining it with shades of violet. Of course, great care must be taken in selecting the tints, but they can be made to harmonize very prettily. Another novel combination, fashionable this season, is red used in conjunction with pink for trimming.-Chicago

Green Tomato Raisins.

Select small or medium-sized fruit, wipe thoroughly and weigh, allowing one-half their weight of sugar. Make a sirup of the sugar with very little water; boil the tomatoes in the sirup ter, three ources. Dissolve the acid in | till tender and the sirup thick. Put in jars, and when wanted squeeze them and eau de Cologne and add to the acid out and chop. Use the same as raisins in cake. Cake recipe that I find good: One cupful of buttermilk or sour milk, one cupful of sugar, one-third cupful of lard, one-half cupful of chopped tomato raisins, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one of cinnamon, one heaped of soda; salt, and flaver to make a stiff batter. Bake very slowly.-House-

keeper. -Although 13 is an unlucky number, it has formerly been considered that 13 miles from a gun was safe. The new Krupp weapon keeps up the reputation of the number by throwing a projectile just that distance,

### A LITTLE NONSENSE.

-Mr. Benham-"I wish I were single again." Mrs. Benham-"You horrid wretch. What would you do if you girl in the grenadine gown. "To think were?" Mr. Benham-"Marry you

of plotting and planning for vengeance again." Mrs. Benham-"Oh, you darling creature."-Modern Society. --He-"I am looking forward to the time when I shall make you one of the "Humph! I suppose you mean happiest of women." She-"You are Evelyn," returned the girl in the red very kind, sir; but I do not think my

father would allow me to accept a bieycle from you."-Yonkers Statesman. -Teller-"Grimshaw is the only man of my acquaintance who invariably wins in an argument with a woman." Evelyn. You know she and Molly have Askins-"How, in the name of wonder,

-Traveler (to the ferryman crossing the river)-"Has anyone ever been lost they were so jealous of each other that in this stream?" Boatman-"No, sir. Some professor was drowned here last spring, but they found him again after looking for two weeks."-Fliegende

Blaetter. -A Mere Figure of Speech .- He-Away you go to the sea-shore, Mrs. Tiffington, and leave your hard-working husband chained to his desk." She -"Chained? No, indeed; if you only could be, I'd have some peace of mind." -Brooklyn Life.

-The Way of the Transgressor-(In five acts).-1. Jones poisons his wife's cat. 2. He professes deep sorrow at its disappearance. 3. He offers a tenpound reward for its recovery. 4. Numerous animals are brought for inspection. 5. Mrs. Jones identifies one .-

Pick-Me-Up. -Bacon-"Have you seen Sprocket lately?" Egbert-"No." Bacon-"He's a sight. Face all cut, arm in a sling, and walks lame." Egbert-"How did he do it, on his bicycle?" Bacon-"No; if he could have stayed on the bicycle, he'd have been all right."-Yonkers

-"Thank you," said the lady to the man who gave her his seat in the streetear. "You surprise me," replied the man. "How do you mean?" "By that 'I thank you.' " She smiled. "I couldn't have surprised you more than you surprised me by offering me your seat." The stand-off was thus completed .-Detroit Free Press.

#### SCOTT ASKED TO BE DICTATOR. Frustrated Plot for the Permanent

Occupation of Conquered Mexico. It may surprise many readers to learn that overtures were made to Gen. Scott by many Mexicans of position and by many American officers to permanently occupy Mexico and organize a new government. The scheme proposed to Gen. Scott was, in substance, this: It was supposed that upon the conclusion of a treaty of peace at least threefourths of the American army would "'Yes; hasn't she?' I said, as she hes- be discharged, and that a large portion army of Mexico, and enough others could be recruited in the United States "She just gave one tiny gasp and to make the American contingent 15,000 said, sweetly: 'Have you just found strong, and to this might be added a pastry and pour in the thickened cur- that out? Yes, dear Molly; I'm so like number of Mexican soldiers. With rant pulp, and bake the pie for 40 or 50 glad. It was for her I was looking at such an army it was suggested that minutes. Make a meringue of the these linens to-day." - Chicago Times- Mexico could be held and governed in " an orderly way and prosperity might be

assured. The plan contemplated a pronunciamento, in which Gen. Scott should declare himself dictator of the republic for a term of five years or more, to give time for agitators to acquire pacific habits and to learn to govern themselves and to respect an orderly government, where the rights of property were not only respected, but fully pro-

Already in possession of the forts, arsenals, founderies, cities, mines and ports of entry, with nearly all the arms, it was not doubted that a very general

acquiescence would follow. Grant was invited to several conclaves of officers, but from the first emphatically declined to enter into the plot. He did not purpose to change his allegiance or his service or his flag, but meant, he said, to return with the

Fourth regiment to the United States. He had several reasons for this determination. He was essentially a conservative thinker and was endowed with a remarkably high sense of justice, and he had genuine contempt for any adventure which had any flavor of dishonesty or bad faith about it, and he would not consider for a moment the project of placing an alien government ever Mexico while the nation was dom-

Had still another consideration been needed to influence his course-as was not the case, however-there was one most persuasive consideration-his prospective bride, awaiting his return at White Haven home, near Jefferson

Gen. Scott declined to enter into the plot and it was finally abandoned.-Midland Monthly.

## Carborundum.

Among the industries supplied with electric power by Niagara falls is the manufacture of carborundum crystals. These are formed by the reduction in electric furnaces of a mixture of sand, coke, salt and sawdust. The beautiful blue crystals are afterward crushed to powder, which is used as an abrasive. like emery or corundum. Carborundum is remarkable for its hardness, in which property it almost, if not quite, equals the diamond .- Youth's Companion.

## Not a Habit.

"I see that some scientist claims that death is largely a matter of habit, depending upon thought and all that."

"Nonsense," she replied. "Did you ever know anyone who was in the habit of dying?" she returned. - Chicago

#### How He Won the Old Man. Dick-So you succeeded in gaining

er father's consent? Jack-Yes; after I had played poker with him a few times. He said he preferred to keep his money in the funily .- Town Topics.